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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING WORLD ON

Friday, Aug. 23,

WAS PRECISELY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest the EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370

COPIES.

BROUGHT "CULCHAH" TO THE WRONG MARKET.

We who revel perennially in the sight of New York and Brooklyn girls lose our fine appreciation of their charms. We would hardly hold it worth \$5 just to look at one.

But it is different when you are from Boston. There you tire of eye-glasses and hair parted on the side. So JOHN O. CRACKMELL came to New York, and took up his station on the bridge and looked and looked. Before he could get his fill, a large police sergeant gathered him in, silk hat, gold-bowed glasses, boutonniere and all.

This morning CRACKMELL knows more than he did. He knows, and can tell it to his smashing friends in Boston, that New York and Brooklyn make some show of protecting their women from the ogling of such chaps as he.

Mr. CRACKMELL, you'd best go home. Culture of this Boston variety does not find favor in the sight of our girls or our police justices.

HE SHOULD RESIGN.

Judge WILLIAM F. PITTSKE is getting himself disliked. His associate judges are tired of doing his work, and yesterday held a meeting to decide what should be done about it. Judge PITTSKE is a sick man and so perhaps merits sympathy, but the City Court is one overburdened with work anyway, and there should be no deadheads in it.

If Judge PITTSKE is unable to attend to his official duties he should resign. That he does not do so is what rightly angers the rest of the judges.

THERE WAS NO MONEY IN IT.

The DWYER colt, Long Island, had a merry time all by himself in the second race at Sheepshead yesterday. Stumbling to his knees, he threw Jockey Barnes into the dirt; then picked himself up and unguided cantered on after the field, passed them all, beat them home easily and then waited for them. A racehorse is a racehorse, and many a man is not altogether unlike Long Island. Once in awhile a runaway success makes talk. It's pleasant, too, but, if you're after the prizes, in the long run it is better to have a firm hand on the reins.

NO NEED OF SAYING IT.

An Assistant District-Attorney, in an interview, says softly, regarding the FLACK case: "Mr. FELLOWS has no intention, as I understand it, of seeking indictments that cannot stand in court, but must be put aside, or after a decent lapse of time quashed for want of evidence to support them."

That is a needless thing to say, though it sounds very well. Doesn't everybody in New York know how vast is Mr. FELLOWS's disinclination to indict, especially where there's politics in it?

THERE'S NO STOP TO IT.

The ocean greyhounds are out and at it again. The large, beautiful City of New York is straining away in her effort to keep old Time and the Teutonic behind her. What heed though it be dangerous sport to fly at such breakneck speed over the highways of ocean travel! It is tempting disaster and making light of a few hundred human lives, but it's fun, exciting fun. And we in this world are forever running big risks for fun.

BAPTIZED WITH BLOOD.

First blood in the London strike for the police. Probably it is last blood as well, for the dock companies have virtually yielded. If the whole demand of the strikers is granted the strike will have been one of the greatest and most ably conducted in the annals of

labor. The elements were dangerous ones and all the circumstances irritating to a degree. That London has escaped without a riot is a marvel.

TREASURE TROVE.

Somewhere in his daily rounds within the past week STEVE BROWN has found some sense. He says he will not try to swim Niagara, and people may wait till their hair all falls out before they see him do it.

MIL, GERTIEKERN; MIX.

Rum is holding a convention at Rochester, and water at Syracuse. The proximity suggests a mingling of ingredients, which would make both more palatable.

Yesterday at Sheepshead proved the sage, though ungrammatical, utterance: "Them as has gits." It was into millionaire pockets, already bulging with wealth, the fat purses tumbled. Chaos ran a jolly race, though the time was slow. As for high-priced King Thomas, he surrendered to the inevitable hoodoo which hangs to the colors of Senator HEARST. The Futurity was a race to remember.

No matter how glibly ROBERT RAY HAMILTON may appear in the eyes of the worldly-wise, no one will deny that he is a conscience personified. There was a deal of honor in his course, but it was honor wasted, a pearl cast before swine.

Philadelphia's suburbs are making plans to get some water they can drink. Now that the Quaker City has yielded its claim to the World's Fair, of course there is no need of concealing such foibles any longer.

Commissioner COLEMAN has vigorously begun his Fall sweeping. He dusted Deputy ROGERS out of his place in the Department yesterday.

Who said "play ball?" The Giants have struck their pennant pace now. Here's to a red hot finish.

FANCIES.

There was chaos among the bettors yesterday when Chase won the \$50,000 Futurity Stakes.

Electricity will kill at times. A Kentucky woman has just died of fright at the reflection of an electric light which she mistook for a ghost.

Millionaire Vanderbilt's coachman is dead and his \$5,000-a-year cook has left him. Norrow is none alone with the poor.

The heat expands, we all suppose. And so it does to an extent. But it contracts the views of those who use it much in argument.

The lot of the Senate Dressed Bred Committee is not riotously happy. The dressed bred men won't obey their orders, and send such amiable apologies that they can't take compulsory action.

When the Shah of Persia's private car upset yesterday His Highness saved his bones by jumping into the mud. Royalty always does like soft snags.

Kissable girl (suddenly)—Take care, some one has just died of fright at the reflection of an electric light which she mistook for a ghost.

A cold wave struck Womum last night and the temperature dropped to 20 degrees. It is understood that it started at Sheepshead Bay just after the Futurity race.

WORLDLING.

The Queen of Greece is one of the most domestic rulers in Europe. She is fond of her children and of her books. She is well read in English literature and reads the American magazines.

There are said to be 150,000 people in the United States who study the prescribed courses of instruction of the Chautauque Association.

Alek McKenzie, the Republican boss of the two Dakotas, resides in Bismarck. Fifteen years ago he was working as a laborer on the Northern Pacific Railroad at a dollar a day. He now has a fortune of \$100,000.

Marion Crawford, the Novelist, is six feet high, broad shouldered and can walk forty miles at a stretch.

DAINTY THROAT ORNAMENTS.

There is a decided novelty in necklaces. This is furnished with the flexible stem of a flower and its foliage in diamonds and precious stones. The tiny little neck chains with white or multi-colored pearls serve as a pendant or clasp. A charming necklace of this description had for its pendant a spray of diamond grape leaves with amethyst berries.

The present style of dress favors the wearing of neck ornaments. The sequenence is an increased popularity of gold beads and necklaces of every description. For day wear are tiny little neck chains with daisy or miniature pendants enameled in natural colors. The engagement or invisible locket, as it is called, is a light peck chain and falls out of sight under the collar. The locket is a tiny little chain with a clasp on both sides. It is hardly used but it is a reminder of a future and the smooth case is engraved or etched with the giver's name and the date of the engagement.

The Victoria, a modification of the Queen chain, has been well received and promises to be a success. It is a short and of light workmanship, with a bar at one end and a ball or charm at the other, the ball for the watch being on a small drop chain. The watch is thrust inside the locket the same as with the Queen; the bar in the buttonhole, however, keeps it from pulling on the chain.

Elisir.

There was a very ancient maid. Whose charms were gradually decayed. Declared she wouldn't be afraid To try for luck that goddess aid.

The which she promptly did, and oh! It was a very ancient maid. That anything could change her! And give her such a youthful glow.

It made her young, it made her sweet; It brought a lover to her feet. Pronounced her most uncommon neat.

And they were well—alas the dart! For stimulation were away; And when her charms refused to stay, So mad it made her love, they say.

Only That and Nothing More.

Old Lady (in a lawyer's office)—Mercy! who is that sweating so terribly in the next room?

Office Boy—That's the boss; he's writing a letter.

"Why, who can be addressing in so blasphemous a manner?" "Oh, he's not putting those curs words in the letter; he's swearing at the machine. The typewriter girl is away to-day and the old man is trying to operate the machine himself."

PROUD MOTHER NO. 3

Mrs. George Trabold Wins the Consolation Prize.

The Gold Double-Eagle Finds a Resting Place in Manhattanville.

Fourteen Children and All of Them Born Within Twenty Years.

A Romance of Two German Children Who Met in America and Married.

The third prize, or, as it has been happily named, the "consolation prize," offered by THE EVENING WORLD to the happy mother of the third largest family of living children, either in the big metropolis, in Brooklyn, Jersey City or Hoboken, has been won by Mrs. George Trabold, who dwells in a pleasant cottage in Lawrence street, in that quiet suburb of the city which has long been known as Manhattanville.

Mrs. Trabold is the proud mother of fourteen handsome children, all of whom live with her and all of whom were born within the last twenty years.

THE EVENING WORLD has heard of but one larger family in the city than Mrs. Trabold's. She receives the third prize because the letter in which the Jews of her friends were entered in the competition was received subsequent to an earlier entry of fourteen children, which won the second prize.

The story of Mrs. Trabold is the same, but the strict justice that awards prizes is compelled to favor the earliest competitor.

The thread of fate is spun out curiously. Many a seemingly commonplace life has an element of romance about it, a bit of fairy-story running through it. People are born in distant lands, meet by the merest accident and henceforth their lives run together.

LIKE A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

Many years ago a fair-haired little girl was born in Germany. She picked German folk-tales in the Summer time, heard German folk-tales from her elders and had a genuine German Kris Kringle to bring her dolls and other sweetmeats, at Christmas time.

When she was still a little girl her parents left the pleasant land of Westphalia for the distant shores of America, and she, too, emigrated to New York on a big ship loaded with happy, red-cheeked emigrants.

About the same time another great emigrant ship came over with enough jolly and enterprising Germans to start a township. Among the passengers was a bright little boy, George Trabold, who used to go fishing in the Rhine and play hide and seek with the other boys in the ruins of the old robber castles. His parents, German emigrants, were bringing him to America, to go to work in the city in the same part of the city in which Mrs. Trabold's parents lived.

WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER.

The two little German emigrants went to school in New York at the same time. They were both in the mud. Royalty always does like soft snags.

After a charming courtship of three years they were married, in 1867, when the little bride was only eighteen years old and the bridegroom was twenty.

The little couple got on amazingly. Mr. Trabold kept a meat market, and made a little bit of money. Mrs. Trabold kept a little house, and made a little bit of money. They were both very happy, and their children were born within twenty years.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

The family moved to Manhattanville, which was then a quiet little town, with its new-fangled cable cars, and had trees and shade. The cows then enjoyed privileges in the street, and the children were very happy. It was a delightful place to live, with the city at one elbow and the country at the other.

The children were all born within twenty years. They were all very happy, and their parents were very happy. They were both very happy, and their children were born within twenty years.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

The first child that gladdened the little household was George Trabold, who was born Dec. 6, 1868. He is now bookkeeper in a large wholesale and retail house, though he has a reputation for being a very good boy.

Adam Trabold, the second son, was born Dec. 8, 1869. He is an energetic and sensible young man of twenty years, and carries on the business which was left at the death of his father. He has blue eyes and looks like his mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

The third son, Fred Trabold, was born July 24, 1871. He is now eighteen years old and is a machinist. He is fond of music and plays a life with enough harmony and skill to make any gathering of young people feel like dancing to his music. He has blue eyes and looks like his mother.

Miss Maggie Trabold, the eldest daughter, was born in the same year as her brother. She is now a teacher in a school, and is a very good girl. She has blue eyes and looks like her mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

Miss Emma Trabold was born Feb. 23, 1874, and is now fifteen years of age. She has musical tastes and plays well on the piano. She has blue eyes and looks like her mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

Miss Lulu Trabold was born June 30, 1875, and is now fourteen years old. She has blue eyes and looks like her mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

Master John Trabold first saw the light Sept. 3, 1876, and is now a bright lad of thirteen. He goes to school, and learns grammar, mathematics, baseball and everything else that a young man should know. He has blue eyes and looks like his mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

Master Henry Trabold was born Dec. 3, 1877, and is now ten years old. He is a very good boy, and plays well on the piano. He has blue eyes and looks like his mother.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

has reached the very interesting age of four years, and is now attending school. She has blue eyes and light complexion, and looks like her mother.

Lillie Trabold was born Aug. 25, 1886, and is now three years old. She has dark eyes and resembles her father.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY HAPPY.

The widow finds in her many children a source and a comfort, and would not part with one of the fourteen for all the wealth of New York.

WIDOW TRABOLD'S AFFIDAVIT.

I, Mrs. Maria Trabold, hereby make affidavit that I am forty years old, the widow of George Trabold, and reside at No. 17 Lawrence street, New York City. I was married in 1867 to George Trabold, and I am the mother of fourteen living children, to wit: George Trabold, born Oct. 6, 1868; Adam Trabold, born Dec. 8, 1869; Fred, born July 24, 1871; Maggie, born Nov. 25, 1872; Emma, born Feb. 23, 1874; Lulu, born June 30, 1875; John, born Sept. 3, 1876; Marie, born Jan. 12, 1877; Henry, born Dec. 3, 1877; Lillie, born Aug. 25, 1886; and Etta, born Aug. 30, 1889.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 24th day of August, 1889. C. L. MEAD, Notary Public No. 1, New York County.

A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD called last evening at Mrs. Trabold's pleasant cottage in Lawrence street, Manhattanville, to present her with the prize money.

The house from the highway, reminding one of a housestead in a rural town, and has an ample front yard, large enough for fragrant roses and green grass. The house is a continuation of One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. Goats about on the hills around it, and though it is in the city it is not a city house.

Two pretty little girls were playing in the front yard, one with white cheeks and blue eyes and one with sparkling blue eyes. They were the daughters of Mrs. Trabold and belonged to the charmed circle of fourteen brothers and sisters.

A NEW GOLD DOUBLE EAGLE.

The reporter rapped and Mrs. Trabold opened the door, which is secured by a spring-latch. The room where the girl slept is a small apartment. An old double bedstead and a chair are the only pieces of furniture in the room.

Another room leads off in the rear. Ki Ku, her pretty cousin, slept in this room. As the Kuras looked at the vacant bed their eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot sleep while she is gone," said Mrs. Kura, "it worries me so. Perhaps had my girl been here, I go to police and offer \$50 to bring her back."

The police, however, do not share the theory that the girl has been kidnapped. They think that she is in love with some young man, and has gone away with him.

"Their story that they allowed three men to come into their sleeping apartment after midnight, when they were in bed, sounds very queer," said a Sergeant of the Sixth Precinct this morning.

"My idea is that the little girl who says she is her cousin knows all about how Kura got away. She took her clothing with her, and the chances are that she is right here in town."

"I think that she went away willingly, for if she didn't want to go all she had to do was to yell out and there would have been a dozen people around her in a minute in that neighborhood."

"Our detectives have searched all around for clues, but we can't get any trace of her. There are very few Japanese in this part of town, and it is hard to get at them."

"Nearly all of them are employed on vessels as cooks or stewards and don't go around town very much, so that we have been unable to get at the slightest idea that would lead to the discovery of her present whereabouts."

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KA KU STILL MISSING.

And Detectives Can Find No Clue to Her Whereabouts.

Her Father is Believed to Have Received Some News.

The Police Cling to the Theory of an Elopement.

Nearly thirty-six hours have elapsed since her disappearance, and there is yet no clue to her whereabouts of Ka Ku, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Kura, the Japanese gentleman who lately arrived from Los Angeles, Cal., and took up his residence at 11 Pell street.

From the remarks dropped by a young Japanese who was standing in the doorway of 11 Pell street, this morning, it is judged that the father has obtained a clue to the identity of the supposed kidnappers.

Mr. Kura, her father, will not admit that he knows anything further than has already been told, but it was noticed this morning that he did not appear to be as worried as on previous days.

The family were all up and doing when THE EVENING WORLD young man called this morning.

Mrs. Eri was rubbing away with soap and water at a piece of cloth material and pretty little Ki Ku, her cousin, sat on a stool making paper ornaments.

"I feel very bad," said Ka Ku, when asked whether his daughter had yet returned; "she has not come back to me, and I don't know what has happened to her."

"Have you no idea of who kidnapped her?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. Perhaps find out bimby. I should like to see who stole her."

Mrs. Eri led the reporter up a flight of stairs to the floor above. Mr. Kura had climbed the fire-escape on the front of the house, and opened the door, which is secured by a spring-latch. The room where the girl slept is a small apartment. An old double bedstead and a chair are the only pieces of furniture in the room.

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